HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR RADIO (Original Scripts)

Series 1. Episode 16. The End Of The Series

THANKS MOIRA

TONY HANCOCK

with

MOIRA LISTER, BILL KERR, & SIDNEY JAMES

in

"HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR"

No. 16.
(last of series)

with

KENNETH WILLIAMS

INCIDENTAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY WALLY STOTT & RECORDED BY THE BBC AUGMENTED REVUE ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY HARRY RABINOWITZ.

SCRIPT BY: RAY GALTON & ALAN SIMPSON

ANNOUNCER: ADRIAN WALLER

PRODUCED BY DENNIS MAIN WILSON

REHEARSAL: MONDAY 14th FEBRUARY 1955: 2.00-5.00pm. AEOLIAN 2
11.00pm. PARIS

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TRANSMISSION: TUESDAY 15th FEBRUARY 1955: 9.30-10.00pm. LIGHT & GOS

REPEATS: SATURDAY 19th FEBRUARY 1955: 10.30-11.00am. GOS

SUNDAY 20th FEBRUARY 1955: 3.15-3.45pm. GOS

CONTINUITY
ANNOUNCER: The time is nine o'clock and we welcome listeners to the General Overseas Service. Over now to this week's "Hancock's Half Hour", introduced as usual by my colleague Adrian Waller.

EFFECTS: (HYSTERICAL AUDIENCE LAUGHTER - BACKGROUND)

ADRIAN: (NERVY - OBVIOUSLY TAKEN ABACK) Yes...well...I..er - unfortunately owing to an error on our part, "Hancock's Half Hour" started half an hour ago - and the programme has nearly finished. We apologise to listeners and hope that they will at least enjoy the last few minutes of the show.

EFFECTS: (HUGE STUDIO AUDIENCE ROARING WITH LAUGHTER)

TONY: (MUSIC HALL COMIC) And do you know what he did then?

BILL: No - tell me - what did he do then?

TONY: He set fire to the contents and posted them to London.

BILL: You don't mean....

TONY: Yes. The Ashes have come back to England.

BILL: Oh noooooo.

EFFECTS: (UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER & THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE)

GRAMS: CLOSING THEME

ADRIAN: You have been listening to the last in the present series of "Hancock's Half Hour" featuring the lad himself, with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr and Sidney James. The scriptwriters wish to remain anonymous and the production was mishandled by Dennis Main Wilson who also wishes to remain anonymous.

EFFECTS: (LAUGHTER & APPLAUSE)

FADE OUT

ADRIAN: Moira Lister is now appearing in "Find the Link" at the Television Theatre. Tony Hancock, Bill Kerr and Sidney James are now appearing before the National Assistance Board.

TONY: Well that's that. Not a bad one to finish up on.

BILL: It was a great show Tub. Boy, I've never heard such laughs from a studio audience before.

TONY: No, they <u>were</u> good weren't they. There's no show on the air gets bigger laughs than we got tonight. 'Course all the critics'll say they were faked. "Get rid of those screaming hysterical studio audiences", they'll say. Genuine laughter that was tonight. No prompting, genuine honest to goodness laughter.

BILL: Yeah, well put your trousers on and let's go home. Say, they er...they really loved <u>me</u> tonight didn't they. Did you catch the reception I got when I came on? They all stood up and applauded.

TONY: They would have applauded <u>me</u> if I'd come on carrying a picture of the Test Team and waving a Union Jack.

BILL: Still, they were a good audience. The Bessie Braddock and Gilbert Harding gags went well.

TONY: Always does - them and the French Government....certs. What with the round of applause on all the topical gags, big laughs on the suggestive stuff, I can't understand how we didn't get the Radio Award. We got more laughs than the Archers.

SIDNEY: Ah, there you are Hancock.

TONY: Hello Sid.

SIDNEY: Good show tonight.

TONY: Yes, you did very well Sid. Got a lot of laughs. Yes. They like you don't they. (ACIDLY) I don't think you're going to be in the next series.

SIDNEY: You know it's a funny thing Hancock..but because I've twisted you every week on the radio show, people are beginning to think I'm like that in real life. They really believe it.

TONY: Oh, isn't that silly.

SIDNEY: Yes. Now about that tea plantation I sold you in Hyde Park.

TONY: Yes?

SIDNEY: You'll have to forget about it. It can't be done.

TONY: Why not?

SIDNEY: The Serpentine's overflowed. The whole Park's flooded.

TONY: I'm ruined.

SIDNEY: No - don't you worry. For another thousand quid I'll make you the biggest rice grower in London.

TONY: Good lad. It's such a comfort to have such a good business adviser.

SIDNEY: Yes. I've got some great schemes worked out for what I'm going to do with your money.

TONY: Lucky me.

MOIRA: Oh boys, I'd just like to say goodbye. I must rush.

TONY: Oh goodbye Miss Lister. It's been most delightful working with you. If you need any references when you apply for another position, you're at liberty to mention that you worked on this programme.

MOIRA: Why thank you Mr. Hancock, it's most kind...but if it's all the same to you I'd rather keep quiet about it, I've lost three jobs that way already.

BILL: I trust you've enjoyed working with us Miss Lister. I did everything in my power to make your stay a comfortable one.

MOIRA: Yes, you did didn't you Mr. Kerr. It was most kind of you to use your eye to stop the draughts coming through my dressing room keyhole.

BILL: The pleasure was all mine.

MOIRA: Goodbye Mr. James. I shall miss the little football pontoons you used to run every week.

SIDNEY: I'm only sorry you didn't win anything Miss Lister.

MOIRA: Oh it can't be helped - but it would have made it more interesting if you'd picked our teams before the matches were played. Well - I'll be off now.

TONY: Have you got your car with you Miss Lister?

MOIRA: Why no, I haven't.

TONY: Then perhaps I can offer you a lift home.

MOIRA: Why thank you, I'd be delighted.

TONY: Right - jump on me back.

BILL: Put the lady down Tub. I'm sure she would rather I walked her home.

TONY: I'm going to walk her home.

BILL: I'm going to.

TONY: You are not.

BILL: Oh yes I am.

TONY: Oh no you're not.

SIDNEY: I have my Rolls Royce outside Miss Lister, I should be delighted to drive you home.

MOIRA: Why thank you Mr. James.

BILL: Rolls Royce?

TONY: That's the last time he holds a football pontoon on my programme.

SIDNEY: Well, if you'll hang on here Miss Lister, I'll go and tell the chauffeur to bring the car round. So long boys.

BILL & TONY: (AD LIB GOODBYES. "Look after yourself - see you.." etc.)

EFFECTS: (DOOR SHUT)

VERY SLIGHT ECHO

BILL: Well...there it is. Everybody's gone home. An empty studio.

TONY: Yes. Sort of eerie with only half the lights on isn't it. Music stands still there. Scripts lying about the floor...the whole place quiet..and deserted.

BILL: Yeah, gives you a funny feeling doesn't it.

MOIRA: Yes, it's as though we're not alone.

TONY: But we're not. In this building are the ghosts of sixteen "Hancock Half Hours".

BILL: Yeah. Some of them certainly did die, didn't they.

TONY: I think they'll always haunt me Bill.

BILL: I'm not surprised after what you did to them.

TONY: Oh I don't know, it wasn't a bad series. We did one or two good ones. The BBC liked it....so much so that they've decided to bring it back again shortly.

MOIRA: They have?

TONY: Yes. Mind you they're going to make one or two slight changes.

BILL: Such as?

TONY: They're changing the title and we're not in it.

MOIRA: What are you going to do now the show's finished Tony?

TONY: Oh, I don't know, South of France maybe, French Riviera, Cruise round the West Indies possibly, Winter sports in Switzerland, Austrian Alps perhaps, Madeira, or I may do what I did last year.

BILL: What?

TONY: Stay in bed.

MOIRA: Tony! You can't stay in bed all summer. Don't be so lazy.

TONY: It is not laziness Miss lister. I don't lay in bed because I like it.

BILL: Then why do you?

TONY: Business reasons.

BILL: What business?

TONY: I press trousers, shilling a pair. (SIGHS) Ho hum.

MOIRA: Why the sigh?

TONY: I was just thinking. Last of the series...

GRAMS: "CASANOVA HANCOCK" CREEPS IN UNDER

TONY: ....It's a sad thought. Us all breaking up and going our separate ways.

BILL: Yeah.

TONY: Funny how it all started wasn't it. Do you remember how we first met?

MOIRA: Yes. You were standing outside the cinema in your short trousers asking people to take you in.

TONY: No, no, it was before that. Don't you remember when I met Bill at the docks.

BILL: (REMINISCENT) Oh yeah. I remember. I'd sailed over from Australia and my boat had just docked. Everybody was excited and rushing about. I remember I was looking for someone to carry my luggage ashore...etc.

GRAMS: "CASANOVA HANCOCK" TO CLIMAX - INTO...

EFFECTS: (DOCKSIDE ATMOSPHERE. SIRENS ETC.)

BILL: (OFF MIKE) Steward. Steward! Hey boy -

KENNETH: Are you addressing me?

BILL: Yeah - carry my things ashore will you. Here's sixpence for your trouble.

KENNETH: (ON MIKE) I am the Captain.

BILL: I don't care if you're the Admiral, that's all you're getting.

KENNETH: Are you one of the passengers?

BILL: Yeah, and I've got a complaint. The service on board this ship is terrible. I've been starved for the whole six weeks.

KENNETH: Oh, I'm very sorry sir.

BILL: Not one steward has been near my berth since we left Australia.

KENNETH: I shall have to look into this sir. Which berth were you occupying?

BILL: Lifeboat number twelve.

EFFECTS: (TERRIFIC SPLASH)

BILL: (SLIGHT ECHO) ....As I started swimming for the shore, he threw my bags in after me.

MOIRA: Yes - but how did you come to meet Tony?

BILL: Well - as I clambered up the steps at Wapping Creek, I heard a strange voice, the one that was to accompany me on the road to fame and fortune.

EFFECTS: (CROWD NOISES)

TONY: (BARKER) Now gather round, gather round. My friends, winter is upon us - and what comes with winter? Coughs, colds, sneezes and flu. I know, I've had the lot. Now friends, this cough mixture I am offering to you today is unobtainable anywhere else in England, because my friends, one of the vital ingredients in this potion is supplied direct to me by a tribe of extinct natives in the heart of the South American jungle. Here it is, I offer it to you now - Doctor Hancock's Tonic. This is more than just a cough mixture, it is an elixir of life. Guaranteed to cure coughs, colds, sneezes, flu, bunions, ear-aches and ingrowing toenails. How can you afford to go away without it? I gave up me medical practice so that I could bring these benefits to you personally. Remember the name. Doctor Anthony Hancock, the People's choice. You couldn't buy this tonic in Harley Street for ten guineas. But I'm not asking ten guineas, I'm not asking five guineas, I'm not asking one guinea, I'm not even asking half a bar. Here you are - one and nine a bottle. One and nine, one and nine? One and six - there you are, one and six. Here I'll tell you what, I'm a sport - shilling a bottle. Shill...ninepence s...here you are..three for a bob. Blimey the bottles are worth more than that. Come along now, who'll start the ball rolling? Make me an offer.

VOICE: Threepence.

TONY: Threepence, my word hark at Lord Docker there. Higgins - give him one for his cheek. Now my friends, I beg of you, do yourselves a favour, grasp this opportunity, I won't be here next week. Fourpence a bottle...one over there? Thank you sir. And you madam? Good health. Two bottles for the gent over there - you'll bless my name one day. Another bottle over there, well done....if you don't like the taste of it, polish the floors with it. Thank you lady, just four copper coins of the realm, bless you girl...two gallons there to the man with the hacking cough....cough it up dad, it may be a gold watch....a bottle over there, good luck...four pence thank you, I'm losing money on every bottle here. I'm a fool to meself...good health lady...here you are granny, one for you...make your hair curl this will. Any more now? Come along, last orders please....hurry up now, I don't want to stand here and catch me death of cold....one over

there....two more down the front here...I'm cutting me own throat here...one over there....

EFFECTS: (POLICE WHISTLES)

TONY: That's it. Goodnight all. Shut the suitcases. Early closing day. (CALLS) Run for it Higgins! I'll post your wages on next week. You're on your own lad! Ask your mother if you're alright for Stockport next week.....Thank you. Gangway. Mind your backs. Madam, do you mind. Thank you.

EFFECTS: (CONSTANT RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. POLICE WHISTLES FADE AWAY INTO DISTANCE)

TONY: Oooops! Here, watch where you're going!

BILL: Oh I'm sorry. Did I hurt you? Hey - you've dropped your suitcase.

TONY: Thank you. Mind out...I'm in a hurry.

BILL: Just a minute. Weren't you the guy selling the cough mixture.

TONY: That's me. Doctor Anthony Hancock, M.D., B.A., F.R.C.S., F.L.

BILL: F.L.?

TONY: Failed the lot. Out of me way, the Police are after me.

BILL: Oh don't worry cobber, you've lost them, they'll never find you now.

TONY: Phew, thank goodness. Once more up in court I would have got six months porridge. Here, you're soaking wet.

BILL: Er yeah. I've just arrived from Australia.

TONY: Swipe me, makes our Channel swimmers look a bit soft don't it.

BILL: I think I'd better take a bottle of that cough mixture of yours, I feel a cold coming on.

TONY: Don't touch it! Put it back! Cor dear - one drop of that and you'll be on your back for a week.

BILL: Why, what's it made of?

TONY: I don't know. I just nip into the chemists, have half a crown all round the window and I'm out. What are you doing in England anyway?

BILL: Well I've come over here looking for work. I'm a comedian.

TONY: Really? Well well, a comedian looking for work. I might be able to help you. Let's hear one of your gags.

BILL: Oh, It's great stuff...(ROARS WITH LAUGHTER)... Listen... (LAUGH)... This one'll slay you. I walk onto the stage y'see, and I say..."I don't why I should be looking so happy tonight. I've just had a letter from my undertaker. He said 'Dear sir, if you don't pay the final instalment on your mother-in law's funeral...up she comes' ".

TONY: Yes. I think you'd better come with me on the old cough mixture lark. I need a new assistant.

BILL: I might as well, I've got no money.

TONY: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Well never mind, we'll do alright between us. Listen, this is the act. You stand in the crowd coughing your heart up. I give you a spoonful of tonic, and you belt up. Right?

BILL: Right.

TONY: I'm glad I've got rid of Higgins. He was getting too old. Past it he was. Ruining me trade. Many a time he stands down there coughing. One day he drank four suitcases full, in the end I had to send round to the chemists for a bottle of real stuff.

BILL: O.K. I'll come with you.

TONY: You won't regret it Mr. er...

BILL: Kerr. Bill Kerr.

TONY: Hancock. Tony Hancock. Shake.

BILL: Put it there.

TONY: Come on, let's celebrate the beginning of a new partnership. Come down to the pie stall and I'll buy you a cup of coffee.

GRAMS: SAD TRANSITION THEME

VERY SLIGHT ECHO AS BEFORE

TONY: Ho hum. Remember that Bill?

BILL: Yeah. Those were the days. We've been together ever since.

MOIRA: You two must have travelled halfway round the country with that cough mixture stall.

TONY: What? How many gallons of the stuff did we sell?

BILL: I don't know..but we put the water rate up in Chesterfield.

TONY: Ah - ho hum - happy days. Who was it we met next, you Moira...or Sid?

MOIRA: It was Sidney surely.

BILL: Yeah! Don't you remember? We'd just arrived in Petticoat Lane with the cough mixture after a bad week at Leamington Spa. We'd set up the stall...and you were in the middle of your spiel...etc.

GRAMS: MUSIC UP TO CLIMAX. MERGE IN WITH...

EFFECTS: (CROWD)

TONY: (BARKER) .....Gather round, gather round. My friends, winter is upon us. And with winter comes coughs, colds, sneezes and flu. I know, I've had the lot. You couldn't buy this stuff in Harley Street for ten guineas. (SIDNEY JOINS IN - SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Now, I'm not asking ten guineas, I'm not asking five guineas, I'm not asking one guinea, I'm not even asking for half a bar. Here you are. One and nine a bottle.

TONY: (CONTINUES) ...This cough mixture I'm offering is unobtainable anywhere else in England. (TONY TAILS OFF) Because my friends....

SIDNEY: (SIDNEY BY HIMSELF) ...one of the vital ingredients in this potion is supplied direct to me by an extinct tribe of natives in the South American jungle. And here it is. Doctor Sidney James' Rejuvenator. This isn't just a cough cure, it is an elixir of life. I gave up my medical practice so I could bring it to you personally. Remember the name folks, Doctor Sidney James, the People's choice...

TONY: Hallo, somebody's working me act. Oi - you!

SIDNEY: Excuse me my friends, don't go away. (ON MIKE) What do you want, Fatty?

TONY: What do I want Fatty. Clear off. It's bad enough working my pitch..but you've pinched me patter as well. Give you me top hat, you've got the lot.

SIDNEY: Don't be stupid. I've been working the cough mixture game for twenty years...so hoppit.

TONY: No - I was here first.

SIDNEY: I've had this pitch for seventeen years. Scarper. As I was saying my friends -

TONY: You can't do this. Police. No, better not. Look, sir, Doctor James - what about me? I can't give up me business stock - I've got four thousand bottles of cough mixture in my suitcases.

SIDNEY: Put some flour in it, flog it as hair cream. (BARKER) My friends! This is the only genuine cough mixture on the market.

TONY: (BARKER) I challenge that statement.

SIDNEY: Accept no substitutes. None genuine unless bearing the label - James' Rejuvenator.

TONY: Hancock's Tonic.

SIDNEY: Made from a recipe given to me by an old Indian fakir for saving his life.

TONY: Passed onto me by a Tibetan Llama on his deathbed.

SIDNEY: Sold to all the crowned heads of Europe.

TONY: By appointment to Anna Neagle.

SIDNEY: James' Rejuvenator.

TONY: Hancock's Tonic.

BILL: Kerr's Excelsior.

TONY: Eh?

BILL: I've just had some more labels printed.

TONY: I thought me stock was going down. Get them labels off. You're on my side.

SIDNEY: One and nine a bottle.

TONY: One and threepence.

SIDNEY: Bob a bottle.

TONY: Ninepence.

SIDNEY: Three for one and six.

TONY: Just a minute, let's work that out...threes into eighteen.....fivepence halfpenny a bottle!

SIDNEY: Fivepence.

TONY: Fourpence.

SIDNEY: Nine for one and fourpence halfpenny.

TONY: Hold on. Nine for one and..that's..see...carry...minus two..that's....he's trying to blind you with figures. (SOTTO) I'll take a chance. Threepence halfpenny a bottle.

SIDNEY: Threepence.

BILL: Tuppence and fourpence on the bottle!

EFFECTS: (CROWD GASPS - CLAMOURS)

KENNETH, ALAN & RAY: I'll have one. Three over here. Give us a dozen. Six dozen here. Four gross. Bring the car round Charlie.

TONY: Bighead, now look what you've done - I'm ruined. Tuppence and fourpence on the...dozy....(KINDLY) I'm sorry ladies and gentlemen. Ha ha. My partner made a slight error. He didn't really mean tuppence and fourpence on the -

EFFECTS: (OMINOUS CROWD)

ALAN: I heard him.

TONY: Well after all you can't expect us to give money away can you. Ha ha ha ha. Cor dear.

KENNETH: He said fourpence back on the bottle.

EFFECTS: (ANGRY CROWD. CHEAT ETC)

TONY: Friends. Dear friends. I'd like to but I have to live too you know.

KENNETH: You won't if you don't give us the money.

TONY: But friends...I can't do it...no...put me bottle down. No -

EFFECTS: (ANGRY CROWD. BOTTLES BEING THROWN & SMASHED)

VOICE: Do him!

TONY: Stop throwing me stock about. Ow! Me eye! Friends. Please. Help!

EFFECTS: (POLICE WHISTLES)

SIDNEY: Scarper - the rozzers.

TONY: Up the alley boys.

OMNES: (GENERAL CONFUSION)

VOICE: COME BACK!

GRAMS: "HANCOCK RUMBLED"

(SEGUE)

GRAMS: "CASANOVA HANCOCK)

SLIGHT ECHO ASD BEFORE

TONY & BILL: (LAUGHING)

BILL: Oh dear, It's funny when you look back on it. All your bottles and all Sid's bottles...smashed.

TONY: Yes...the street was six inches deep in cough mixture. And then the drains blew up.

MOIRA: What caused that?

TONY: "Hancock's Tonic met James' Rejuvenator".

BILL: If only we'd kept the formula, we could have ruled the World.

TONY: Ho hum.

BILL: Happy days.

TONY: And then came the day that changed our whole career. We met you Moira. I bet you'll never forget that.

MOIRA: No - but I've tried. You were all broke after the cough mixture episode..and then you threw in your lot with Sidney.

TONY: That's right. Remember that terrible restaurant we were all working in..just to tide us over until Sid thought of another fiddle. Sid was doing the cooking and we were waiting on the tables. It was lunch time and...etc...

GRAMS: MUSIC TO CLIMAX. MERGING INTO...

EFFECTS: (RESTAURANT ATMOSPHERE. CROWD MURMURS. CHINKS OF CROCKERY)

TONY: (CALLS) Sid. You down there.

SIDNEY: (OFF MIKE) Hallo.

TONY: One lamb - two veg and York. Three airships on a cloud. Two cackleberries sunny side up on a raft. Bunghole and biscuits twice. Three spotted wads and fourteen cups of Rosy. When you're ready.

SIDNEY: (OFF) Right. Let's have the dirty plates down the hatch.

TONY: Coming down.

EFFECTS: (SHORT PAUSE. CRASH OF SMASHING CROCKERY)

SIDNEY: Well wait till I send the lift up!

BILL: Hey Tub - catch what's just walked in the door.

TONY: Where, where? Hallo, hallo. My word, she's a bit of class alright, isn't she.

BILL: Boy, what a dish. I just love long legged blondes.

TONY: Yesterday it was short legged brunettes.

BILL: I'm not responsible for what our customers look like.

TONY: Well you're out of luck. She's walked over to my table.

BILL: That's my table.

TONY: I'm head waiter. Go and have your lunch.

BILL: I've just come back.

TONY: Then go and have your tea. She's mine.

MOIRA: (OFF MIKE) Waiter.

TONY: See - she's calling me over. She fancies me. She's caught the quiff over me eye.

BILL: Alright, go ahead. You won't get anywhere, she's got somebody with her.

TONY: What that little old bloke with his foot in bandages. He won't bother me. What? A plate of brown windsor down the back of his neck, he'll soon shift.

MOIRA: (OFF) Waiter.

TONY: (CALLS) Coming. Bill, give me collar and cuffs a sponge round with the dish cloth. Right, here we go.

MOIRA: Ah, waiter -

TONY: (SEXY) Bonjour madame.

MOIRA: Ah, a Frenchman. Ca je trouve sympathique. Dites Monsieur le propriétaire - moi - je connais bien la belle France, de quelle parti venez vous?

TONY: For the gent as well?

MOIRA: I was asking what part of France you come from.

TONY: Oh...yes of course. France. Your accent fooled me. You talk like a Parisite. No...I mean..I'm from the North you see.

MOIRA: Whereabouts?

TONY: Birmingham...er..Beer..mange..am. Yes. Ha ha. Will you order now?

KENNETH: Now see here my man, this is a very special occasion and... (YELLS IN PAIN)

TONY: Oh, I beg yours...did I tread on your gout? Dearie me....ha ha. (VICIOUS) ...Hoppit. Now madame...your wish is...?

KENNETH: What do you recommend?

TONY: Are you hungry?

KENNETH: Yes.

TONY: (VICIOUS) Another restaurant. (SMARM) Now then madame, what can I get you? Here's the menu. Let me have it back, it's me shirt front. Now what do you fancy - a nice French style dejeuner, pranzo Italiano possibly...?

MOIRA: No, I think I'll have something plain today - a typically English meal.

TONY: Certainly madam, the speciality of the Maison. We have the Brown Windsor burnt just enough to leave that attractive brown rim sticking round the edge of the bowl...followed by a thin slice of roast beef completely submerged in a delicious pool of congealed gravy, accompanied by a portion of light green watery cabbage and boiled potatoes, skillfully mashed so as as to leave all the hard bits intact. Desert of course, is the traditional steamed suet pudding, carefully undercooked and warmed up, thus providing that well-loved stodginess that allows the plate to be held upside down without the pudding falling off. Two bits of dry bread and scrape finished off by a cup of grey lukewarm chicory essence.

MOIRA: No, I don't think so. What's the French meal?

TONY: Same thing - only with garlic.

MOIRA: We'll leave it to you.

TONY: I don't want it.

KENNETH: We mean the order. Go and bring us something. And hurry up, we haven't got all day.

TONY: Yes sir, certainly sir.

KENNETH: (YELLS IN PAIN)

TONY: Oh, so that's where your foot is. I've been stamping all round here trying to find it.

KENNETH: Will you go away and bring our meal.

TONY: Alright, alright, I'm going. (GOING OFF) Sid, two twenty threes on toast, two thirty eights and custard, two fifteens and biscuits.

KENNETH: Young puppy. (INTENSE) Now then Moira my dear, about tonight. I've arranged for a box at the Opera...just the two of us...then afterwards supper in a private room at El Greco's..then..back to my flat for drinks. How does that sound, hmm?

MOIRA: Corny.

KENNETH: But my dear I -

MOIRA: Look piggy, you're a very sweet old man and I'm very grateful for the chance you gave me in that film you financed...but..

KENNETH: But what?

MOIRA: I'm drawing the line before you start drawing the curtains.

KENNETH: But my dear girl, you've got me all wrong.

MOIRA: (SWEETLY) Maybe. But you're not getting me that way.

KENNETH: But I...I assure you why I...I...I can't understand it. The Gaiety Girls were never like this. My dear, I assure you, my interest in you is merely that which I would display towards -

TONY: One plate of sausage and mash. Here we are - grub up. Get your knife and fork into that little lot.

KENNETH: Young man, will you kindly go away. Stop interrupting me.

TONY: Hang on Dad, I'm only doing me job...

KENNETH: (YELLS IN PAIN)

TONY: Don't tell me. I've trod on your foot again haven't I?

KENNETH: Why you.... (YELLS)

TONY: My word. Clumsy me. Hot Brown Windsor all down your shirt front. Hang on I'll sponge it off.

KENNETH: Get away. Don't touch me. Aaaaaah. You idiot...you're making it worse. What's on that sponge?

TONY: Jam.

KENNETH: (SPLUTTERS IN ANGER) Get out of my way. Where can I get cleaned up. Where's the washroom?

TONY: Over the road in the pub. You can't miss it.

KENNETH: (GOING OFF) You'll hear more about this. I've never been so humiliated in all my life etc....

MOIRA: (LAUGHING) Poor Piggy. I wonder if he'll come back.

TONY: He'll have to, I've got me foot on the end of his bandage. Well, now we've finally managed to get rid of him, may I sit down?

MOIRA: But you're the waiter.

TONY: Oh, don't worry, I won't be embarrassed. Eat your food up, it'll get cold.

MOIRA: What about Piggy's?

TONY: I'll eat his. It'll be alright, I'm insured. What's your name?

MOIRA: Moira.

TONY: Mine's Tony.

MOIRA: Hallo Tony.

TONY: Er...hallo Moira. (SLIGHT PAUSE) It's getting dark.

MOIRA: So it is.

TONY: Yes. Happens every night round here.

MOIRA: Does it.

TONY: Yes. (PAUSE) 'Cos I'm a boy for the chat you know.

MOIRA: Yes.

TONY: Here, you aren't half beautiful.

MOIRA: Thank you.

TONY: It's me conversation that gets 'em. (DREAMY) I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.

MOIRA: Oh how sweet. Er...are you enjoying that food?

TONY: (DREAMY) Yes, it's lovely. What pretty eyes you've got.

MOIRA: Thank you. Are you sure you're enjoying it?

TONY: (EATING) Delicious. I could eat some more.

MOIRA: I'll order some. (CALLS) Waiter, another bowl of flowers please. (LAUGHS)

TONY: (EMBARRASSED LAUGH)

GRAMS: LINK

VERY SLIGHT ECHO AS BEFORE

TONY, MOIRA & BILL: (ALL LAUGHING)

TONY: Cor dear.

BILL: (LAUGHINGLY) Did you really eat a bowl of flowers Tub?

TONY: It was the best meal I ever had in that restaurant anyway. Ho hum.

BILL: Happy days.

TONY: Ah, it was certainly a bit of luck meeting you Moira. It was through you that Sid, Bill and me got our first chance on the radio. Remember?

MOIRA: It still haunts me. I'd been asked to do the play of my choice in "Curtain Up".

BILL: That's right - and you chose "Romeo & Juliet".

MOIRA: Yes, and fool that I was, I let you three talk me into getting you parts in it.

BILL: (LAUGHS) Oh dear yes.

MOIRA: It wasn't funny. You told me you were all out of work Shakespearian actors. (SCORNFUL) Anthony Hancock, R.A.D.A.

TONY: That's right. Resting After Dying at Accrington.

MOIRA: I should have realised you didn't know anything about Shakespeare when you insisted on playing the part of Juliet.

TONY: Only because the grapevine up to that balcony looked a bit dodgy.

BILL: Boy, what a tragedy that broadcast was.

MOIRA: I still shudder when I think of it. It was terrible. Do you remember when we got to that bit just before the balcony scene...where Bill and Sid were looking for Romeo and....(FADE HERSELF)...

GRAMS: MUSIC TO CLIMAX

TONY: (HAM) Can I go forward when my heart is here? Turn back dull Earth and find my centre out and...centre out? Well this bloke didn't know his football did he?

BILL: (OFF MIKE) Romeo. My cousin Romeo. Strange ...he is gone.

SIDNEY: (OFF) He is wise and by my life...

BILL: On my life.

SIDNEY: Oh sorry, I thought I was playing Shylock. And on my life hath stolen him home to bed.

BILL: Or ran this way and leapt this orchard wall. Call, good Mercutio.

SIDNEY: By my troth, so shall I thus. Blimey. (CALLS) Ho there violet.

TONY: Varlet.

MOIRA: (SOTTO) Tony, get on with it.

TONY: Well.... Ah, but soft..what light through yonder window breaks. Tis Juliet, and the sun is in the East.

SIDNEY: Who wrote this tripe?

TONY: Please. Oh that I might touch that cheek.

MOIRA: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Ah me.

TONY: She speaks.
ALAN: I know, I heard her.
TONY: Of course you did, you were here.
ALAN: Bit of alright ent she?
TONY: Bit like Norma Shearer with the wig on.
ALAN: Do you think so?
TONY: Yes I...what are you doing here? Your bit comes later.
ALAN: Sorry.
TONY: Well watch it. Aaaaah Juliet.

MOIRA: What man art thou that thus bescreened in night so stumblest on my council?

TONY: Eh?

MOIRA: (SOTTO) Who are you?

TONY: Hancock's the name. Haitch..hay..hen..c..ho...

MOIRA: (PANIC STRICKEN) Oh no..er...well er..be some other name. Yes. What's in a name. That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet.

SIDNEY: hark at it. Why Hollywood signed him up to write "Kiss Me Kate" I'll never know.

MOIRA: Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou....Romeo.

SIDNEY: He's over there chatting to that geezer in the front row of the stalls.

MOIRA: Oh no!! That's Sir Laurence Olivier!!

TONY: ....Course this isn't the first time I've done Shakespeare you know.
ALAN: I didn't think it was.
TONY: Well you can tell by the egg stains over me tunic can't you. No, I was at the Old Vic last year.
ALAN: So was I.
TONY: Well of course you were. I remember you. You were the bloke offering round the cheese sandwiches weren't you.
ALAN: That's right.
TONY: Very nice too they were. Make 'em yourself?
ALAN: No, the wife.
TONY: She don't half cut doorsteps don't she. Still, that's by the way. I was telling you about me acting. I find that the one I like doing best is "Henry Five".
ALAN: Oh, lovely play.
TONY: Isn't it? The horses..and the armour and the battles...you know...charging and giving each other a bash with them long poles....it's a lovely play. Well anyway...you know I'm sure I've seen your face somewhere before. Have you made any pictures.
ALAN: On and off.
TONY: I thought so. I've seen you round the Flickerscope. Now, what was the film?.....No, don't tell me. I'll get it. It wasn't "Superman and the Red Planet". Never mind, I'll remember it. Anyway I made a film of Henry the Fifth you know. Well it was the Director you see. He cast me. He said I looked right for Henry. Mind you, the producer said I looked a right Charlie..but we won't go into that. So anyway..was it "Carmen Jones"?
ALAN: What?
TONY: That film you were in. Oh well, don't worry about. I'll get it. I never forget a face. So we were on location for the battle scenes see...I had me armour on. That film you were in - Trouble in Store - the little bloke in the funny hat. I'll think of it. Well as I was saying, this Director wanted me to run up to the top of the hill and stick the flag in. Me...run uphill with five hundredweight of armour on. Well I told him. "Find

someone else" I said. Me run uphill? I can't even move. Well I couldn't. I was stuck there. What with me cigarette holder poking out of me visor, I looked like an abandoned tank. Course I was fatter in those days. Well anyway, I was just going to...ah - "Trouble in Store". The little bloke in the silly hat.
ALAN: No.
TONY: Oh. Well anyway, I point blank refused to run up the hill. Well then he started coming the old Madam, you know, contracts and things....You know the way they carry on. Well of course you do, you're in it. Well he could see it wasn't cutting any ice with me. He'd picked the wrong bloke. And so....I remember. "Hamlet".
ALAN: That's it.
TONY: Of course. You were the bloke with the pudding basin haircut. I knew I'd get it. So anyway, I stood me ground. "I am not running up any hill" I said. "Do what you like about it" I said. "Please yourself" I said...it was me talking. Well it shook him. He wasn't used to being defied. Cos all he'd dealt with was Olivier, Richardson, Gielgud and that lot. Good men all of them I grant you. Salt of the earth. It's just that I stand up for meself. No-one tells me what to do. I was in that armour and I wasn't going to move...and he knew it. He was a beaten man. Humiliated..in front of the whole cast. A terrible blow to his prestige. He'd told me to run up the hill and I hadn't. A bitter pill for him to swallow. I didn't like that pudding basin haircut you know. As I was saying, his authority was gone. A laughing stock. But I must say he took it like a man. Even though he must have been wishing for the ground to open up and swallow him. He squared his shoulders, walked over to me, opened my visor, and with a big effort, it took moral courage...he looked me straight in the eyes..and even though I was unable to move a muscle, do you know what he did? He filled me up with water.

MOIRA: Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo. Romeo, Romeo....

TONY: Alright, alright, hang on - I'm talking to me mate. Well I won't be seeing you anymore for a while will I. Well cheerio. I've enjoyed our little chats. Look after yourself. And take my tip...don't get your hair cut like that again.

MOIRA: Romeo, Romeo...

TONY: Alright, alright, keep your wig on - I'm coming...what's the matter with you...

GRAMS: TRANSITION LINK

VERY SLIGHT ECHO AGAIN

BILL: (LAUGHS) Boy, we certainly messed up that broadcast for you Moira.

TONY: I don't know, it wasn't too bad. It got us this series.

BILL: Yeah. You know something?

TONY: What?

BILL: We got bigger laughs playing straight than we do now.

TONY: Ah well it's all over. Four months of "Hancock's Half Hour" over and done with. It's a sobering thought William.

BILL: Why?

TONY: No more beer money.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

SIDNEY: (OFF) The car's waiting outside Moira.

MOIRA: Right, I'm coming. Goodbye boys.

BILL & TONY: (AD LIB GOODBYES. "All the best. Look after yourself etc..")

SIDNEY: Cheerio lads.

BILL & TONY: (AD LIB GOODBYES. "See you Sid. Be good etc.")

EFFECTS: (DOOR SHUT)

TONY: Oh well, that's that I suppose. Let's go.

EFFECTS: (FOOTSTEPS - TWO PAIRS)

TONY: (DEAD SERIOUS NOW) (SMALL BREATH) It's been a happy cast - and we've had some pretty good shows - and this is only the beginning. I'm sure we can go on to even <u>bigger</u> and <u>better</u> things.

GRAMS: MUSIC TO CRESCENDO

BILL: But if we've been so successful, why not retire for a while - take a rest/

TONY: Not the lad - get at the money while the going's good.

BILL: Mmmm. You're right - might as well cash in while we can.

TONY: Come on then William - let's go.

EFFECTS: (FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR OPEN. STREET NOISES)

TONY: Right, this is it. (BARKER) Gather round, gather round. Winter is upon us my friends and with Winter comes coughs, colds, sneezes and flu. I know - I've had the lot. Doctor Hancock's Tonic is the thing for you...etc.

GRAMS: CLOSING THEME

ADRIAN: You have been listening to Hancock's last Half Hour of the present series, featuring the lad himself, with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr, Sidney James and Kenneth Williams. Incidental music was composed by Wally Stott and recorded by the BBC Augmented revue Orchestra conducted by Harry Rabinowitz. The script was written by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson - and the programme, which was recorded, was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

GRAMS: " HANCOCK THEME" UP & TO END

(SEGUE)

GRAMS: PLAYOUT - TO END